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A Round of Bleak Coasts.

(Norman Duncan.)

(From 'Dr. Grenfell's Parish.')

The coast of Labrador, which, in number of miles, froms the larger half of the doctor's round, is forbidding, indeed—naked, rugged, desolate, lying sombre in a mist. It is of weather-worn gray rock, broken at intervals by long ribs of black. In part it is low and ragged, slowly rising by way of bare slopes and starved forest, to broken mountain ranges, which lie blue and bold in the inland waste. Elsewhere it rears from the edge of the sea in stupendous cliffs, and lofty, rugged hills. There is no inviting stretch of shore the length of it—no sandy beach, no line of shingle, no grassy bank; the sea washes a thousand miles of jagged rock. Were it not for the harbors—innumerable, and snugly sheltered from the winds and ground swell of the open—there would be no navigating the waters of that region. The Strait Shore is buoyed, lighted, minutely charted. The reefs and currents and tickles* and the harbors are all known. A north-east gale, to be sure, raises a commotion, and fog and drift-ice add something to the chance of disaster; but, as they say, from one peril there are two ways of escape to three sheltered places. To the north, however, where the doctor makes his way, the coast is best sailed on the plan of the skipper of the old 'Twelve Brothers.'

'You don't catch me meddlin' with no land!' said he.

Past the Dead Islands, Snug Harbor, Domino Run, Devil's Lookout, and the Quaker's Hat—beyond Johnny Paul's Rock and the Wolves, Sandwich Bay, Tumbledown Dick, Indian Harbor, and the White Cockade—past Cape Harrigan, the Farmyard Islands, and the Hen and Chickens—far north to the great craggy hills and strange peoples of Kikkertadsoak, Scoralik, Tunnulusoak, Nain, Okak, and, at last, to Cape Chidley itself—northward, every crooked mile of the way, bold headlands, low outlying islands, sunken reefs, tides, fogs, great winds and snow make hard sailing of it. It is an evil coast, ill-charted where charted at all; some part of the present-day map is based upon the guess-work of the eighteenth century navigators. The doctor, like the skippers of the fishing craft, must sometimes sail by guess and hearsay, by recollection and old rhymes.

The gusts and great waves of open water—of the free, wide sea, I mean, over which a ship may safely drive while the weather exhausts its evil mood—are menace enough for the stoutest heart in the world. But the Labrador voyage is inshore—a winding course among the islands, or a straight one from headland to headland, of a coast off which reefs lie thick; low-lying, jagged ledges, washed by the sea in heavy weather; barren hills, rising adruptly—and all isolated—from safe water; sunken rocks, disclosed upon approach, only by the green swirl above them. They are countless—scattered everywhere, hidden and disclosed. They lie in the mouths of harbors, they lie close to the coast, they lie offshore; they run twenty miles out to sea. Here is no plain sailing; the skipper must be sure of the way—or choose it gingerly else the hidden rock will inevitable 'pick him up.'

*A 'tickle' is a narrow passage to a harbor or between two islands.

"THERE'S NO CHART FOR ICEBERGS.'

Recently the doctor was 'picked up.'

'Oh, yes,' said he, with interest. 'An uncharted rock.' It took two of the three blades of the propeller. But, really, you'd be surprised to know how well the ship got along with one!'

To know the submerged rocks of one harbor and the neighboring coast, however evil the place, is small accomplishment. The Newfoundland lad of seven years would count himself his father's shame if he failed in so little. High tide and low tide, quiet sea and heavy swell, he will know where he can take the punt—the depth of water, to an inch, which overlies the danger spots. But here are a hundred harbors—a thousand miles of coast—with reefs and islands scattered like dust the length of it. The man who sails the Labrador must know it all like his own backyard—not in sunny weather alone, but in the night, when the headlands are like black clouds ahead, and in the mist, when the noise of the breakers tells him all that he may know of his whereabouts. A flash of white in the gray distance, a thud and swish from a hidden place: the one is his beacon, the other his foghorn. It is thus, often, that the doctor gets along.

You may chart rocks, and beware of them; but—it is a proverb on the coast—'there's no chart for icebergs.' The Labrador current is charged with them—hard, dead-white glacier ice from the Arctic; massive bergs, innumerable, all the while shifting with tide and current and wind. What with floes and bergs—vast fields of drift-ice—the way north in the spring is most perilous. The same bergs—widely scattered, diminished in number, dwarfed by the milder climate—give the transatlantic passenger evil dreams; somewhere in the night, somewhere in the mist, thinks he, they may lie; and he shudders. The skipper of the Labrador craft knows that they lie thick around him; there is no surmise; when the night fell, when the fog closed in, there were a hundred to be counted from the masthead.

Violent winds are always to be feared—swift, overwhelming hurricanes: winds that catch the unwary. They are not frequent; but they do blow—will again blow, no man can tell when. In such a gale, forty vessels were driven on a lee shore; in another, eighty were wrecked overnight—two thousand fishermen cast away, the coast littered with splinters of ships—and, once (it is but an incident), a schooner was torn from her anchors and flung on the rocks forty feet above the high-water mark. These are exceptional storms; the common Labrador gale is not so violent, but evil enough in its own way. It is a north-easter, of which the barometer more often than not gives fair warning; day after day it blows, cold, wet, foggy, dispiriting, increasing in violence, subsiding, returning again, until courage and strength are both worn out.

Reefs, drift-ice, wind and sea—and over all the fog: thick wide-spread, persistent, swift in coming, mysterious in movement; it compounds the dangers. It blinds men—they curse

it, while they grope along: a desperate business, indeed, thus to run by guess where positive knowledge of the way merely mitigates the peril. There are days when the fog lies like a thick blanket on the face of the sea, hiding the head-sails from the man at the wheel; it is night on deck, and broad day—with the sun in a blue sky—at the masthead; the schooners are sometimes steered by a man aloft. The 'Always Loaded,' sixty tons, and bound home with a cargo that did honor to her name, struck one of the outlying islands so suddenly, so violently, that the lookout in the bow, who had been peering into the mist, was pitched headlong into the surf. The 'Daughter,' running blind with a fair, light wind—she had been lost for a day—ran full tilt into a cliff; the men ran forward from the soggy gloom of the after-deck into—bright sunshine at the bow! It is the fog that wrecks ships.

'Oh, I runned her ashore,' says the castaway skipper. 'Thick? Why, sure, 'twas thick!'

So the men who sail that coast hate fog, fear it, avoid it when they can, which is seldom; they are not afraid of wind and sea, but there are times when they shake in their sea-boots, if the black fog catches them out of harbor.

A Song of Low Degree.

(Michael Fairless.)

Lord, I am small, and yet so great,
The whole world stands to my estate,
And in Thine image I create.
The sea is mine; and the broad sky
Is mine in its immensity;
The river and the river's gold;
The earth's hid treasures manifold;
The love of creatures small and great,
Save where I reap a previous hate;
The noontide sun with hot caress,
The night with quiet loveliness,
The wind that bends the pliant trees,
The whisper of the summer breeze;
The kiss of snow and rain; the star
That shines a greeting from afar;
All, all are mine; and yet so small
Am I that lo, I needs must call,
Great King, upon the Babe in Thee,
And crave that Thou would'st give to me
The grace of Thy humility.

Rotumah.

A ROMANTIC MISSION STORY.

(The 'Spectator,' Australia.)

About 300 miles north of Fiji, and 1600 east of Brisbane, the beautiful island of Rotumah lies like an emerald set in the sapphire of the sea, and fringed with coral reefs, over which the white spray dances with pictuesque effect. It was discovered by Pandora in 1793. Ten miles long, and four broad, with a line of hills in the centre, it stands clothed in perennial verdure, as the Paradise of the Pacific. Tradition has it that a certain Samoan Raho, being badly treated by his own people, set out on an adventurous voyage. His god directed him to take two bags of sand with him. When tossed by a violent storm, he was told to throw the sand overboard. For a while, the sea in anger threw its mists about his canoe, but out of the turmoil an island sprung. The crew landed on the soil of Rotumah, where plenty of food was found. The Rotumans are of a light copper color, with straight, coarse hair, which indicates Asiatic origin, in spite of their traditions.

Among the seven tribes which dwelt on this place was a young man, who felt in his breast 'the warmth of life's ascending sun,' and with a lover's instinct, he prepared a sumptuous feast called 'koa ne mos.' This he sent over the hills to a certain young lady, who, busy with her duties, was surprised to find herself the recipient of a gift, the meaning of which she knew full well. The next day another present came, called 'fakpo.' The third day saw the invitations out for the marriage. On the fourth day, many friends arrived with numerous pigs and yams, and an abundance of kava. The day was spent in feasting and in dancing. The happy couple were smeared with oil, and yellow coloring. The bans of marriage were distinctly called, as, raised on a platform, the bride and bridegroom were carried through the village, amid shouts of congratulation and good will. The ceremony was concluded by the formation of a ring of men, in the centre of which the parties stood, while a presiding genius approached the groom and struck him on the head with a tomahawk. As the blood flowed down on his body, he learned that a married man is a marked man. The bride was treated in similar fashion, and she knew that the contract was sealed with blood.

'So these were wed, and merrily sped the years.' But troubles come into the lives of them who fancy that marriage is a goal, instead of a 'kick-off,' from which a serious battle has to be fought, in which one must help the other.

They quarrelled, and one day the lady, who was of high birth, took her servants and her only child, a bonnie lad of six, and, with her belongings, sailed away from home and husband. For many weary days and nights they voyaged, and landed on the island of Tonga. They feared violence and death, but to their astonishment they were welcomed to shelter and food. Tongo had received Christianity, and the light that is to illumine every land shone through the honest eyes of men and women who had learned to love. The lady was not long in hearing the glad news of a Saviour's love; for through the drawbacks of a foreign language, and the hardness of the natural heart, the glory of the Cross of Christ broke, and lifted up the clouds of doubt and fear, and set the notes of gladness throbbing in her soul. Her servants came under the same spell, and like them of olden time, received the word with joy.

The lad got into the company of the teacher, and nothing pleased him more than to sit for hours listening to the stories of thrilling interest from the Old Testament. Chief among them was that of Zerubbabel leading back the captives from Babylon to Jerusalem; and over and over again he repeated the words, 'The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' One day, as he looked into the face of the teacher, he said, 'Joel, I should like to be called Zerubbabel,' so, on the bright day when his mother was baptised, he, too, was received into the Church of Christ, and the preacher prayed that he might lead the ransomed home with songs of joy. The first flower which grows in a Christian garden is Forgiveness; so our lady looked across the throbbing sea, and said, 'I must go back to my husband, and tell him of the Saviour I have found.' A whaling ship carried her home to her own land. She came like the merchantman with goodly pearls, and her husband—not unlike us to-day—had learnt her worth in separation; but when he saw a new light in her eyes, and a new charm in her manner, he, too, grew hungry and thirsty for the same eternal springs. 'I have told you all,' said she; 'if you want to know more, you, too, must go to Tonga.'

(To be continued.)

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The secretaries may be addressed at 151 Washington street, Chicago, or at 76 Hayter street, Toronto.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Musical Fishes.

(Ernest Monk, in 'Toilers of the Deep.')

[If we take a comprehensive view of the meaning of the word talking, and consider that whenever sounds are made for a definite purpose, by means of a special vocal organ fashioned for the purpose, then I think,' said Professor Bridge, lecturing last year before the Birmingham Selborne Society, 'it may be fairly claimed for fishes that they can and do talk.

'There is no doubt that the sirens of ancient days were simply vocal fishes, which could be seen any day in the fish market at Athens.']

PART I.

The rippling, laughing wavelet's song,
The din and roar of billows strong,
The hollow booming of the caves,
When loud and long the tempest raves,
And shrilly cry the birds that soar
In circles by a rocky shore,
I grant this truly seems to be
The only music of the sea.
Yet I would say, conceited man,
Express ourselves we fishes can;
And I would have you understand
We are indeed a merry 'band.'
We play, since neither deaf nor dumb,
The violin, the fife, and drum;
Oh, do not jest! I will explain,
If further knowledge you'd obtain
For fishes really 'play' with glee
Beneath the surface of the sea.

You ask, how can we fiddle there,
Since fins no supple fingers bear?
Well, when a violin we lack,
One 'rasps' rough portions of his back—
Or skeleton, precise to be—
Till swells the wished-for harmony.
His muscles rub the parts together
Without regard to place or weather;
'Tis far more simple, I declare,
Than scraping strings with bow of hair.

I like this method well, but some
Prefer instead to beat a drum,
Not with their tails, nor anything
Except a swift, vibrating spring,
Which strikes the buoyant bag of air
We fishes carry everywhere.

You wonder how the piping's done,
Since wooden whistles we have none;
You half suspect I'm not sincere,
And that I'm joking, now 'tis clear;
Yet, if you'll bear this fact in mind,
You'll see 'tis nothing of the kind;
The self-same 'organ' holding air
Is made to carry 'pan-pipes' rare.
The branching tubes on either side
A pleading melody provide,
When o'er their mouths the wind is blown
With loud effect, or tender tone.

You fail to follow? then I fear
I cannot make my meaning clear.
I'd try again, did I but know
The band is tuning down below,
Adieu.

Then sang the winds or waters blue
(No matter which), the words are true—

'O, vain and foolish man, to think
The whole, without one mising link
In music's chain, is known to thee
As song of bird, or hum of bee!'

PART II.

When next I met my finny friend,
He shook with mirth from end to end.
Ha! ha! laughed he, and murmured then,
'How very credulous are men!'
I looked amazed, and strove to hide
All evidence of wounded pride,
For I was hurt to think a fish—
Whose end is but to grace a dish,
Should dare presume to laugh at man,
But ere I spoke, my friend began—

'Ulysses from the siege of Troy
(You heard the story when a boy),
Came near the Isle of Sirens, where
Enchanting music filled the air.
Music that o'er the classic waves
Lured simple seamen to their graves.
Ulysses wished the strains to hear,
And still his barque in safety steer.
The mariners shall bind him fast
With ample cordage to the mast,
And lest they hear and weakly yield,
Their ears with wax must first be sealed
'Tis done, the notes swell o'er the sea,
Ulysses struggles to be free;
The seamen, deaf to all around,
Row till their master hears no sound;
And one and all rejoice to find
The Isle of Sirens far behind.'

Again he laughed aloud, 'Ha! ha!
Those naughty sirens of the sea!'

I'm sorry I don't apprehend
Where lies the joke, my finny friend.

'Of course, you don't,' the rough replied,
'When learned folk—with all their pride
Of knowledge—never guessed that we
Were those gay sirens of the sea!'

New Street, Dunmow, Essex.

[The purpose of the sounds in most cases is doubtless to attract species of the same kind together, while in other cases the purpose is to warn other fish that they had best be left alone. The grasshopper produces sound by scraping its legs against its wings; the cricket by rubbing one wing against the other, and in an almost exactly similar manner many fishes are known to 'talk.' Parts of the skeleton having roughened surfaces are so placed as to rub against each other by the action of certain muscles, and produce sound. In other instances the noise is produced—a drumming sound—by a sort of elastic spring attached to the vertebrae being struck with great rapidity upon the tense wall of the air-bladder. In another case a number of pipe-like branches are attached to each side of the air-bladder. Sounds produced by fishes can be heard, sometimes when they are thirty or forty feet below the surface of the water.]

Parents' Paradise.

By special request we publish the following:

We were much impressed lately by the orderly behaviour of a large family of children, particularly at the table. We spoke of it to our host; and he pointed to a paper pinned on the wall, on which were written some excellent rules. He said he gave each child who obeyed the rules a reward at the end of every month. We begged a copy for the benefit of our readers. They were called, 'Rules and Regulations for Parents' Paradise.'

1. Shut the door after you without slamming it.

2. Never stamp, jump or run in the house.

3 Never call to persons upstairs, or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.

4. Always speak kindly and politely to servants, if you would have them do the same to you.

5. When told to do, or not to do a thing, by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.

6. Tell of your own faults, not of those of your brothers and sisters.

7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots and shoes before entering the house.

8. Be prompt at every meal hour.

9. Never sit down at the table or in the parlor with dirty hands or tumbled hair.

10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.

11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.

[For the 'Messenger.'

Nature Talks.

(Annie L. Jack.)

'My furry neighbor's table's set
And slyly he comes down the tree,
His feet firm on each tiny fret
The bark has fashioned cunningly.
He pauses at a favorite knot,
Beneath the oak his feast is spread—
He asks no friend to share his lot
Or dine with him on acorn bread.'

It is interesting to watch these neighbors of the woods and gardens, as they scramble from branch to branch, whisking their bushy tails, and eager-eyed in search of food. Breakfast is the first consideration and—'never give up'—'keep moving,' is the squirrel's maxim.

This old house of rough exterior near their home is built or rough stone, and they have a tunnel right through the cellar. If you should put a basket of nuts up in the attic they would find them, and carry them off—just the same as if they were stored in the basement, and they do it so openly—as if to say: 'What do you mean by taking away my nuts?

For he hides them near the tree where he lodges, and even when the snow lies thickly upon the ground he never forgets where his stores are hidden, but scratches away the snow when hungry, and finds his treasures. Did you ever watch a squirrel eat a nut? He carries it daintily in his forepaws to his mouth, cuts off the tip, and proceeds to break away the shell. There is an air of self-satisfaction about him that is always amusing—it seems to say that he is only eating what is his own, without a thought of interference. But often the squirrel is a robber, and goes into the nests to eat the young birds, so you can understand that he is not a general favorite with his neighbors. Then again he nibbles the tender shoots of young trees, stunting their growth in his search for fresh vegetables, but most likely he never knows the mischief he has done. It is a very interesting little animal, and the house-building is wonderfully contrived. It is placed in the fork of some lofty branch, out of the reach of enemies, and concealed from sight. Its form is like a sphere, and the moss and grasses are woven together, so that it will keep out rain, and resist wind.

The same squirrels keep their nest year af-

ter year and the little ones do not appear till warm weather. There are generally triplets, and sometimes four of them, and they stay at home all the next winter, being turned out in early spring to do their own housekeeping. It would be worth while learning how the squirrel has been endowed with such a wonderful memory to remember all its storehouses, and it teaches a lesson of diligence and forethought, of cheerful attention to the duties of its little life, that should not be disregarded.

I wonder if little readers have ever seen the story told by a great man, of the mountain and the squirrel. Of course the mountain was big, and thought the tiny creature that was roving about in search of food, quite insignificant; but the little animal told the mountain that it made a very pretty squirrel track, and added—'Talents differ. If I cannot carry forests on my back, neither can you crack a nut,' which was a very simple and truthful conclusion.

He Remembered the Apple Barrel.

Mr. Lorimer tells this story of one of our distinguished men, who was introduced at a great public meeting as a 'self-made man.' Instead of appearing gratified at the tribute, it seemed to throw him for a few minutes into a brown study. Afterwards they asked him the reason for the way in which he received the announcement.

'Well,' said the great gentleman, 'it set me to thinking that I was not really a self-made man.'

'Why,' they replied, 'did you not begin to work in a store when you were ten or twelve?'

'Yes,' he said, 'but it was because my mother thought I ought early to have the educating touch of business.'

'But then,' they urged, 'you were always such a great reader, devouring books when a boy.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'but it was because my mother led me to do it, and at her knee she made me give an account of the book after I had read it. I don't know about being a self-made man; I think my mother had a great deal to do with it.'

'But then,' they urged again, 'your integrity was your own.'

'Well, I don't know about that. One day a barrel of apples had come to me to sell out by the peck, and, after the manner of some storekeepers, I put the speckled ones at the bottom, and the best ones at the top. My mother called me and asked what I was doing. I told her, and she said: "Tom, if you do that you will be a cheat." And I did not do it. I think my mother had something to do with my integrity; and on the whole, I doubt whether I am a self-made man. I think my mother had something to do with making me anything I am of any character or usefulness.'

'Happy,' said Dr. Lorimer, 'the boy who had such a mother; happy the mother who had a boy so appreciative of his mother's formative influence!'—Unidentified.

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One Hundred Years Ago.

Here are a few facts which show how much more convenient life is to-day than in 'the good old days' about which we hear.

In 1834 one of the leading railways of the United States printed on its time-table, 'The locomotive will leave the depot every day at ten o'clock, if the weather is fair.'

The first typewriter was received by the public with suspicion. It seemed subversive of existing conditions. A reporter who took one into a court-room first proved its real worth.

In England, some centuries ago, if an ordinary workman, without permission, moved from one parish to another, in search of work or better wages, he was branded with a hot iron.

When Benjamin Franklin first thought of starting a newspaper in Philadelphia, many of his friends advised against it, because there was a paper published in Boston. Some of them doubted that the country would be able to support two newspapers.

One hundred years ago, the fastest land travel in the world was on the Great North Road, in England, after it had been put into its best condition. There the York mail-coach tore along at the rate of ninety miles a day, and many persons confidently predicted divine vengeance on such unseemly haste.

When Benjamin Franklin first took the coach from Philadelphia to New York he spent four days on the journey. He tells us that, as the old driver jogged along, he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stage-coaches and eight horses sufficed for all the commerce that was carried on between Boston and New York, and in winter the journey occupied a week.—'Christian Endeavor World.'

A Hero.

The hero holds his life as a trust, and not as a possession. His general course of action is that of an administrator, rather than that of an owner.

He thinks little about himself, but much about others. The question which interests him is not what can he get out of his life, but what can he do with it.

If promotion, or honor, or wealth comes to him, it emphasizes the motto of his life: 'I serve.' He serves because he looks out on life from the standpoint of that Jewish-Christian hero who wrote, 'I am a debtor.'

Sir Henry Lawrence, the defender of Lucknow, was one of those heroes who serve because they are debtors.

He was born at Matura, Ceylon, celebrated for its diamonds, and on Mrs. Lawrence's removal to another locality, a lady asked if she had brought any with her.

'Yes,' said the mother, producing her babe; 'here's my Matura diamond!'

She was prophetic, though her son's life, while not wanting in brilliancy, resembled more the diamond which cuts or polishes than that which merely displays itself.

Simplicity, truthfulness, self-denial, and consideration for others marked him as boy and man. He never 'passed by on the other side,' but always lent a hand to man, woman, child, or beast, or any creature that was down.

He could deny himself, even at a great cost, when self-denial was demanded by another's welfare. His father, a retired officer, lived on a small pension, and Henry had but little pocket-money while at the seminary where cadets prepared for the East Indian service. Football, hockey and cricket were as essential to an English boy's happiness as three meals a day. But Henry never indulged in them, because subscriptions were required, and he would not ask his father for the money.

Once at the end of his vacation, before starting for school, he collected a bundle of clothes for a poor lady in London. On arriving at the metropolis, he carried the bundle, a large one, through the streets, and delivered it to her. A simple deed! Yes, but one which showed the heart and pluck of the young cadet, who was not ashamed to soil his uniform by carrying a bundle through London streets.

Years after, while defending Lucknow, with a few hundred men against thousands of Hindoos, who had joined the mutiny, a shell exploded in his room. A sheet of flame, a terrific report, and dense darkness were followed by his low voice saying, helplessly, 'I am killed.'

He lingered two days, his mind intent on serving till the last. Minute directions were given to his successor as to the defence of the place, with the order 'never to give in.' He bade those about him to remember the vanity of ambition, and to inscribe on his tomb: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy upon his soul.'

So few were the defenders, and so necessary was it that every one should be at his post, that only four private soldiers could be spared to bury him. As they were about to carry off the dead body, one of them turned down the sheet which covered Sir Henry's face and, stooping over, reverently kissed his forehead. His comrades also kissed their beloved chief, and then, amid the plunging of shot and shell, laid him to rest.—Selected.

St. Bernard of Menthon; the Great Endeavorer.

(M. W. R., in the 'Christian World.')

Few tourists turn aside from the beaten track to pay a visit to the ancestral home of the 'Apostle of the Alps,' St. Bernard de Menthon, though they are fond of visiting his monks of the St. Bernard Pass and their dogs. The Chateau de Menthon is a delightful place, and a landmark on the lake of Annecy. And its small scattered bourg lies close by the water's edge. The castle rises white out of a mound of trees on an isolated rock under the frowning cliffs of the Dents de Lanfont.

The Counts of Menthon were illustrious, and in the tenth century Count Richard married Bernoline de Duingt from the picturesque castle on the opposite shore, and a daughter of the Count of Geneva, who was serving with Charlemagne. But it remained to their greater son to give importance to the memory of his parents.

The boy Bernard was sent at fourteen to Paris, under the care of the monk Germain, to finish his education. Such was the custom with young nobles so that they might get polish and style; but they were usually far busier pleasure-seeking than studying. It was the contrary with Bernard, who devoted heart and time to his books, and when the news of his progress reached home his parents proposed the choice to him of a military or administrative career. But such prospects as these were pale compared to the glow of his religious yearnings, and as his tutor counselled him not to divulge too much of his inclinations, he refrained from a decision. The Count's suspicions were, however, aroused; and

the young heir's homecoming at the end of seven years was celebrated by the whole countryside, while his father uttered the premature remark, 'Our son is come home now, and we shall never let him leave us again.' But closer intercourse neither diminished the son's reserve nor the father's consequent disquietude, and at last the Count broached the cherished scheme of his heir's alliance with the beautiful Marguerite de Miolans. But the mention of marriage brought Bernard down on his knees in earnest supplication to his father not to 'bind him irrevocably,' or, at least, to allow him a little time to travel. Stormy words and threats succeeded, but the will of a fendal lord brooked no opposition. Germain, the tutor, was suspected of sinister influences and dismissed. (He afterwards founded a cell for himself in the towering cliffs above, and, attaining the necessary eminence for sanctity, was canonized.)

One day soon after, the whole family set out in state to visit the prospective bride at the Baron's feudal fortress in the department of Chambéry. The picturesque ruins of Miolans are a striking feature in the landscape of the Isère. The marriage contract was signed. The party sang merrily on their return journey, for everyone, except he whom it most concerned, felt that victory was on the right side. A princely fete was prepared at Menthon, and the nobility of Savoy and Dauphiné were invited to the wedding. As was the custom, the Count and Bernard, with an imposing cavalcade of barons, escorted the bride to her future home the day before the wedding. At night the castle drew its ponderous bolts and shut itself in like a walled city. And Bernard withdrew to his own room, one prayer surging to his lips, 'Help me, God!' Then he opened his window, forced the outside bar, dropped down some twenty feet, and fled.

Next morning there was no answer to the knocking at his door, or the voice crying, 'The priest is at the altar, the bride is at his feet, only Bernard is wanted.' When the door was broken open the tale told itself in the unused bed, the open window, and the letter that read, 'I cannot take a wife, I cannot rule my land, I want heaven.'

The Baron of Miolans fumed and appealed for vengeance on the outrage offered to his daughter and his house.

'Quick, daughter! Quick, wife—friends! Let us get out of this perjured place and shake its dust off our feet. And you, Sir de Menthon—to arms. I give you warning to be ready.'

'Is it not enough,' cried the stricken father, 'to lose my son—must we call to arms because of that? If my son has left me for God, God will deign to succour us in the day of trouble. Nevertheless, by all means,' he added, 'let us muster our forces and fight.'

Somehow it is not related that they did fight. The bride appeased her wounded dignity in retirement to a Sisterhood near Grenoble, where the convent veil replaced the bridal. As for Bernard, he wended his way to Aosta, at the foot of the great mountain to which his name has since been given, and there the Archdeacon welcomed him into the cloisters, esteeming him a brand plucked from the burning. In the course of time Bernard also became Archdeacon of Aosta.

His parents mourned for twenty-six years and then found him in the hospice which he founded on the great Saint Bernard. For it was there, on what was then Mons Jovis, that he demolished the famous statue to Jupiter and, touched with compassion for struggling travellers, provided dogs to deliver those who were overtaken by the snow. During his service of forty-two years in those dark ages this great Endeavorer was indefatigably zealous for enlightenment and purification. He demolished numerous pagan statues that remained in the sequestred valleys of the Alps, and purged the priesthood of its vices.

The same family de Menthon still live on in the Chateau. The present generation is numerous, and at least one son is in the priesthood. We wanted to visit the scene where human emotions had once been so profoundly stirred, and we came to see what the place would be like in its slumbering old age. The grey gateway in worn stone lay open; nothing impeded our entrance into the courtyard.

With keen interest we mounted the ancient winding stairs. Stating for what we had come, we were conducted by the housekeeper through the drawing-room, where—as must have happened so long ago—a priest was teaching a boy. The furniture in those apartments we saw was quaintly simple, the stone staircase bare except for a few ancient hunting trophies on the walls. But a tranquil dignity rested over all.

We visited St. Bernard's room, and looked down from the window that had been his gate into a wider life. The room is now an oratory, and on the altar is a statue that represents St. Bernard enchaining monsters. The family possess several portraits of their famous predecessor, and one that looks very dignified and benevolent in faded distemper is quite likely authentic.

The Ruling Passion Strong.

'Old Adam Forepaugh,' said a friend of the veteran showman, 'once had a big white parrot that had learned to say, "One at a time, gentlemen—one at a time—don't crush."

'The bird had, of course, acquired this sentence from the ticket-taker of the show. Well, one day the parrot got lost in the country, and Mr. Forepaugh leaped into his buggy and started out post-haste to hunt for it.

'People here and there who had seen the parrot directed him in his quest, and finally, as he was driving by a cornfield, he was overjoyed to hear a familiar voice.

'He got out and entered the field, and found the parrot in the middle of a flock of crows that had pecked him till he was almost featherless. As the crows bit and nipped away, the parrot, lying on his side, repeated over and over, "One at a time, gentlemen—one at a time—don't crush." '—Selected.

How often do we say with St. Augustine, 'Make me holy, but not yet'?

Planned to Have Enough.

Teddy was about to be ten years old. In view of this interesting event Teddy's mother had ordered some ice-cream and cakes and other dainties, and Teddy was told to invite his little friends to a birthday party.

The evening of the celebration came around, and all the goodies were waiting to be enjoyed. Teddy and his mother were also waiting.

Suddenly the youngster said, 'Mother, don't you think it's time to eat the ice-cream and cake now?'

'No, indeed, my son,' she replied, 'we must wait until your friends are here.'

'Well, to tell you the truth, mother,' began Teddy, 'I just thought that for once in my life I'd like to have enough goodies, so I guess we better begin now, 'cause I didn't invite anyone.'

What is the Real Good?

(John Boyle O'Rielly, in 'Dumb Animals.')

'What is the real good?'
I asked in musing mood.
'Order,' said the law court;
'Knowledge,' said the school;
'Truth,' said the wise man;
'Pleasure,' said the fool;
'Love,' said the maiden;
'Beauty,' said the page;
Freedom,' said the dreamer;
'Home,' said the sage;
'Fame,' said the soldier;
'Equity,' the seer.

Spake my heart full sadly—
'The answer is not here.'

Then within my bosom,
Softly this I heard—
'Each heart holds the secret—
"Kindness" is the word.'

Obtained Good Pay.

Probably no workman ever felt less satisfied with his pay at the time than did Nicholas Sparks when he received a deed of the land on which a large part of the city of Ottawa is now built. The deed was given in lieu of money due for wages.

Sparks was a native of Woburn, Mass. Having pioneer instincts, he had pushed up into the less settled parts of Canada and obtained employment with a man named Wright on the northern shore of the Ottawa river, at a point known as the Gatineau. The city of Ottawa was destined to be built on the southern shore, nearly opposite, but there was yet no evidence of the flourishing capital city of Canada. Sparks worked for his employer for some months; but, not receiving his wages to his satisfaction he decided to make a change. He was obliged to accept for compensation a deed of a tract of land on the south side of the Ottawa river. The deed was taken reluctantly as being the best that could be done under the circumstances.

It happened, however, that just about this time some activity began to be manifest along the southern bank of the river. The British government had commissioned Colonel By to construct for military purposes a canal which should join the Ottawa river with the great lakes. The point where this canal was to be cut was within the land deeded to Sparks. Operations on the canal brought together a large number of workmen and a settlement soon sprang up, which assumed the proportions of a town. This settlement was called By Town, after the engineer who had the work in charge. By this time Sparks found himself fairly prosperous, as he was able to sell small parcels of his land to the new settlers at a very good profit.

By Town continued to grow and prosper until its crowning honor came to it when the British government, noticing the beauty and security of its inland position, selected the site for the capital of the newly confederated Canadian provinces. The name changed to Ottawa, and the place grew rapidly into a large and handsome city, as it is at present. Nicholas Sparks lived to see all these changes. Some of the fine government buildings were erected upon the land deeded to him. The finest residences and business blocks are upon the land the title of which is derived from Sparks. The principal street in the city is called Sparks street. Before he died the old man's wealth had become very great. He was quite illiterate, and it was a laborious process for him to sign his name. But his descendants form one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families in Canada. It is one of the many romances of wealth of this continent.—Hamilton 'Post.'

Stories of the Merricks.

A SPECIALIST IN FLATS.

(Walter Leon Sawyer, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

When Della Merrick was fifteen years old she graduated from the grammar school, but she did not complete her education. Experience—and her mother—then began to teach her. When Della was seventeen she took a diploma in this special course, and went into business.

It was not altogether the girl's fault that she failed to make her fortune during those two years. She worked hard. She tried faithfully more than one promising plan to earn money. Her brother Kendall, who was a year older and a student at the Latin school, used to say that Della seemed to have as many arms in motion as an octopus—but she never caught anything.

'Then she's all the more free to go in and "joggle the parlor,"' Mrs. Merrick would answer, with that comforting kind of smile that mothers use. 'I'm thankful for that, if Della isn't.'

Della was always willing, at least. Perhaps she felt that, as the inventor of the phrase, she was in honor bound to respond to it. And 'joggling the parlor' meant much to the busy mother, for it involved a thorough sweeping and dusting. The fascinating part of it to the girl was the rearrangement of tables, chairs, everything, the discovery of attractive possibilities in new combination of furniture. But how Mr. Merrick and Kendall laughed at her experiments.

'Well, little daughter,' her father would say sometimes, 'have you been moving the mantel up and down to-day, or measuring to see if the bookcase would fit the fire-escape?'

'Where's my mackintosh, sis?' Kendall used to ask. 'Playing portiere somewhere, or masquerading inside out as an Oriental rug?'

'I'll leave it to mamma if this convenient six-room flat, with all modern improvements, doesn't look better than it did when I began,' was Della's last word when accused of making too radical alterations.

The Merricks lived on the third floor of the Hotel Germania, which was a 'family hotel,' or apartment-house. The building was four stories high, so there were a family over their heads and two families below them, while on the other side of the main stairway were four more families—eight in all.

Each family's six rooms were separated from every other family's six rooms. The Merricks could lock the two doors that opened upon the front and back stairways, and be 'monarchs of all they surveyed.' Steam-heat and 'service' were included in the rent, which meant that the janitor cleaned the halls and stairways, sent up the coal for the kitchen range and removed all ashes and refuse.

Moreover, the rent of the flat was twenty-five dollars a month, whereas the smallest house on the street rented for five hundred dollars a year, not including the cost of heating. Important considerations, all these, to people in moderate circumstances, people who, like the Merricks, were practically compelled to live in a certain neighborhood. Mr. Merrick was the sexton of a church, and had to be always within 'easy reach' of it.

The church paid a salary of a thousand dollars, and the sexton's fees for weddings, funerals, and other special occasions added substantially to his income.

'But suppose there shouldn't be many marriages next year!' said Della, tragically, on the very day she left school. 'Then I should feel as if I ought to be helping. Why can't I begin to help right away?

'I can draw, and I'm good at figures, but I couldn't become a scholar, like Kendall, if I studied a thousand years. Perhaps I ought to go to an art school; perhaps I'd do well in a business college; but either one would cost money, and I'm big enough to earn money myself. I want to stay out of school a year and work, and try to find out what I can do. Even if I go to the high school in the end, I'll be no older two or three years from now than lots of girls are when they enter it.'

It was an unusual proposition for so young a girl to make, but Della was an original girl, as well. After stipulating certain things she should not do, her parents gave consent. So Della let out a hem of her dress to make herself look older, and started to take subscriptions for 'Gems of Song and Story.'

This was a hotch-potch of familiar prose and verse, that weighed five pounds and sold for three dollars and a half. Della's commission on each copy was to be a dollar and forty cents.

The publishers assured her that many of their agents earned five thousand dollars a year. Surely she could sell two books a day, the girl thought—and that would be almost seventeen dollars a week! But at the end of the first week she found that she had nearly worn out a pair of shoes and had only three orders.

'I can't even get into the houses,' Della confessed to her mother. 'Do I look like a desperate character, Mamma Merrick?'

'No, dear.' Then the wise mother changed the subject.

'Speaking of the looks of things,' she said, gaily, 'I want you to take a holiday Monday, and hunt up new wall-paper for our hall. That paper quarrels with the parlor and darkens the hall itself.'

'It'll have to be something in red,' Della promptly responded. But her mind was on her recent experiences. 'And at one house where I called,' she added, 'the woman said, "No, run along, little girl; we don't want to buy anything to-day." Do I look as small as that, mamma?'

'No, dear. That was only her way of putting you off. Don't fret about it. Think about something pleasanter.'

'Think about how to fit up a dark room for me!' Kendall cried. He had entered just in time to catch the last sentence. 'You always say there's space enough for anything in a flat, if one is clever about contriving. I stump you to contrive a place where I can develop my negatives.'

These problems of paper and dark room kept Della busy and happy for a day or more. Then again she took her 'specimen book,' and with fortune that varied, but was mainly bad, she canvassed many city streets and the most promising section of a suburb.

At the end of a month she had sold sixteen books, and she borrowed the wholesale price from her father and ordered the volumes from the publishers. All that remained to be done, she thought, was to deliver the books and collect three dollars and a half from each subscriber.

But that was not so easy. Two of her patrons were reported to have 'moved away,' and nobody seemed to know whither they had gone. One woman smilingly explained that she did not want the book, anyway; that she only gave her name 'for encouragement.' Another woman 'hadn't expected her so soon,' and volubly promised to pay for the book 'day after to-morrow.' But when that day and Della arrived, the woman and the book had both vanished.

On twelve books paid for Della's profits amounted to sixteen dollars and eighty cents; but the four books for which she could not collect payment had cost her half that amount. That left eight dollars and forty cents as the net return for her month's work—not reckoning freight charges or car fares or shoe leather.

'It's not the fault of the business,' Della admitted, bravely. 'Lots of people make money canvassing. But my book wasn't attractive enough to make people want it, and I wasn't smart enough to make them think that they wanted it.'

'Never mind, dear,' said her mother. 'Rest your nerves by joggling the parlor, and then I'll set you to work out a problem for me—the question of furnishing a dining-room for fifty dollars. I believe that could be done, and I have a reason for wishing to know just what one could provide. You may "shop" for a few days,—without spending any money,—and then make a list describing each article and naming its cost.'

(To be continued.)

Read These Letters!

Carroll, Man., June 6, 1905.

Dear Sir,—Our flag was duly received and floated on the twenty-fourth for the first time, though the day was a showery one.

The pupils and citizens of our village are well pleased with it, and we had no coaxing to get the trustees to put up a flag-pole.

Your library offer is certainly very attractive, but for the present we can do nothing. Perhaps in the autumn we may make the attempt, as we need and would appreciate a library very much.

Thanking you for your courtesy,

I am, yours truly,

RAY H. HALL.

Sintaluta, May 26, 1905.

Dear Sir,—Just a line to state we received your flag as premium for securing twelve subscribers to 'Witness.' The flag is a good one, and highly satisfactory to us. You might forward some books for the school library with the balance of the funds. Use your own judgment.

Yours truly,

E. W. JERVIS, Teacher.

Arcola, Assa., May 13, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—The flag sent by your firm arrived last week, and I am pleased to state that the pupils and staff are delighted with it.

We will be pleased to send you a picture of the school as soon as it is finished. As there are over a hundred pupils we cannot promise you the picture of pupils with the school, but will send building with flag flying.

Thanking you for the flag, and assuring you that it has even exceeded our expectations, I remain, sincerely yours,

M. M. CAMPBELL, Principal.

Saskatoon, June 12, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—Your flag is a flag. No one thought it would be half as good, as generally speaking premiums are made of the cheapest material; but not so this time. The people in this section (Diova) are now satisfied at having obtained their flag so easily, and wonder why more of the neighboring schools did not take up the grand offer. Thanking you for your prompt attention to our subscription. Yours truly,

E. E. COUPLAND.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LITTLE FOLKS

Some Truly Mouse Stories.

These are not stories of mice that have been tamed or trained, but just the ordinary little mouse that scampers away at your approach, eats your food and wakes you up in the night with that awful gnawing, and then a thump and scramble that makes you think that an army is overhead.

In the first place, our mice would not be caught. They simply wouldn't. We tried wooden traps baited with the most beautiful cheese, but they only ate the cheese and laughed at us for supposing for an instant that they would venture into the trap and be caught. Then some one suggested a tin trap; and we tried that, but to no avail.

Evenings when we were quietly reading there would be the sound of little feet scrambling, then a tiny gray shadow would flit across the room. Food, papers, boxes, feathers, everything was attacked by them, and we grew desperate. Now we had three traps set all the time, with a variety of goodies, so that the dainty ones could take their choice and be duly tempted. And what do you think?

They ate the food, and they ate part of a trap. Yes, they gnawed away as clean and nice as possible a good piece off the old wooden trap, as much as to say, 'See how much we care for your old trap.'

Another time we had saved some chestnuts, nice fat ones from our own trees, waiting for a merry evening when we could roast them before the fire.

The night came, a cold, bracing November evening, and we went for the nuts.

They were gone! Where were they? 'Where have you put them?' was the question asked each member of the household in turn. But no one knew. Every one denied any knowledge of their whereabouts. They had been in a tin dish on the pantry-shelf, that is all any one knew.

A week later, when the first heavy snow came, Chester went for his rubber boots. As was his custom, he shook them before putting his foot into them; for once, when he failed to do this, he had found a whole mouse family, warmly ensconced in the foot, and this had taught him caution.

As he lifted the boot, and gave it a shake, out rattled chestnuts—a whole lot of them, all of them, our treasured hoard. The mice had stored them away for future eating, exactly as a squirrel stores away his nuts for winter's eating.

Our mice are fond of millinery and fancy work, to say nothing of books and papers and flannel skirts.

Grandma and Rover.

When Grandma was a little girl she lived in a tiny cottage in an English village. All about were spreading shade trees and pretty lanes where the little maid loved to wander. Then the meadows! What a delight it was to wander through them, picking the dainty pink-tipped daises that nestled so close to the soft green carpet of grass! But best of all did Grandma love to run races with her big dog Rover. Running knee deep through the golden buttercups as they filled the pastures with their sunny blossoms, stepping merrily from stone to stone across the tiny brooklet that Rover leaped at one great bound, Grandma's days were full of joy from dawn till dark. One dreadful day, that she shudders still to think of, yet the one, strange to say, that her grandchildren like best to hear of, was the one on which in her play she fell into the water where the little brook widened and grew deeper into a small pond.

How glad she was when her dear friend and companion Rover plunged in and, seizing her little wet pinafore, carried her safely to land! Do you wonder she treasures the memory of her childhood's playmate, her dear old dog Rover?

A. W. R.

One Sunday night a best hat was left out. In the morning all around the rim were the husks of something; and the hearts of the poppies on the hat, which were the real thing dyed, were all eaten out, and the pretty hat despoiled.

A fancy bag, made after the style of long ago, of dried melon seeds and steel beads, was found one morning with only the network of beads and lining of silk, the husks in the box telling of the glory that had been. And a pretty white flannel skirt, left in the bottom of a bureau drawer, had a big piece gnawed out of it, as mistress mouse proceeded to enter the drawer and investigate.

There is no limit to the places those mice will go. Place a little bowl with cream in it on the top of a pitcher, where the shiny, slippery sides would seem to preclude any possible attempt at a feast, and, behold, in the morning the cream is gone!

How did it go?

On top shelves, reached only by jumping or perpendicular climbing, we find tracks of those mice. They are everywhere.

On my waste-basket, not three feet away from me, a tiny mouse frequently climbs, and runs round and round the edge, looking up at me saucily, as much as to say, 'Don't you wish you could catch me?'

Once I caught one in my hand, a tiny baby mouse, which I had tired out chasing about in the china closet. He grew dizzy and fell, and there I had him, a dear soft little creature, that despite his mischief it seemed wicked to kill.

Truly, the mischievous little creatures are interesting, even if annoying.—Harriet Caryl Cox, in 'Every Other Sunday.'

Winnie's Happy Days.

(By L. M. Montgomery, in 'New York Observer.')

(Concluded.)

'I'm afraid not, dear. In the first place, four of us could hardly ride so far in the one small buggy. And then, you know that Grandma Everett has only one spare room. You will have to sleep with Cousin Della. There would be no place for Winnie.'

'Oh, I'm so sorry,' said Marjorie.

'But there is a way, after all, if my little daughter is willing to make the sacrifice. If you want Winnie to go, let her go in your place and you stay with Aunt Elizabeth over Sunday.'

'Oh, mamma, I couldn't do that,' cried Marjorie.

And she really thought she couldn't. Give up her lovely trip to Apple Grove Farm, and stay all Saturday and Sunday with Aunt Elizabeth who thought little girls should never move or speak but just sit still and be prim! No, she never could. And she just wouldn't think any more about it.

But she kept on thinking for all that. Winnie had never seen the real country at all. And she, Marjorie, had seen it four or five times. And she would likely get out again before the summer was over, but not in apple blossom time, oh, not in apple blossom time. And she did so want to see those big white orchards that father had told her about.

'I don't see how I can do it,' Marjorie protested to herself.

At sunset she went to the hole in the board fence and called Winnie.

'Winnie,' she said, when that small lassie appeared, carrying the baby this time, 'if you would like to go to Apple Grove Farm tomorrow, father and mother will take you.'

Winnie nearly dropped the baby in her astonishment.

'And you?' she gasped.

'Oh, I'm going up to stay with Aunt Elizabeth,' said Marjorie sturdily, as if that were just as pleasant a prospect as the other. 'So you must go in my place. I'll write a note to Della and ask her just to do everything with you that she and I would have done. And I hope you'll have a splendid time.'

So, in the end, it was settled that way. Saturday morning Marjorie saw Winnie drive off with Mr. and Mrs. Everett and then she trudged up to Aunt Elizabeth's, swallowing lumps all the way.

I wish I could relate that she had a nice time at Aunt Elizabeth's after all.

But the fact remains that she spent two very dull and lonesome days there. But she had her reward when Winnie came home, bubbling over with delight and gratitude.

'Oh, I never had such a splendid time in my life before,' she exclaimed, throwing her arms around Marjorie. 'It was just lovely out there, and your grandma is so sweet, and Della is almost as nice as you are. But I love you best of all.'

Three days later Marjorie said to her mother: 'It has been ever so much nicer since Winnie was at Apple Grove, mamma. You see, before that she couldn't talk about it because she had never seen it. But now that she has been there, we can talk all about it. She says she doesn't get half so tired minding the twins now, she just keeps thinking about the apple blossoms and the garden all the time. And she's clearing up their back yard. Next summer she is going to plant some flowers in it. Della promised her the seeds. Oh, I'm so glad I let Winnie go, mamma. It's worth while to give somebody two whole happy days, isn't it?'

'It is a greater gift than you realize, Marjorie,' said her mother gently.

Some Things I Would Like To Know.

Would I were wise enough to know
How the little grass-blades grow;

How the pretty garden pinks
Get their notches and their kinks;

How the morning-glories run
Up to meet the early sun;

How the sweet peas in their bed
Find the purple, white and red;

How the blossom treasures up
Drops of honey in its cup;

How the honey-bee can tell
When to seek the blossom cell;

Why the jay's swift wing is blue
As the sky it soars into.

I wonder if the grown folks know
How and why these things are so?
—'North Western Christian Advocate'

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'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

LESSON III.—JULY 16.

The Suffering Saviour.

Isaiah lii., 13-liii., 12.

Golden Text.

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Is. liii., 6.

Commit verses 4-6.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 10.—Is. lii., 13-liii., 12.

Tuesday, July 11.—Is. xlii., 1-12.

Wednesday, July 12.—Is. xlix., 1-13.

Thursday, July 13.—Is. l., 4-11.

Friday, July 14.—Heb. ix., 1-14.

Saturday, July 15.—Heb. ix., 15-28.

Sunday, July 16.—Ps. ii., 1-12.

(Davis W. Clark.)

The anonymous manner in which the subject of this poem is introduced is one of the surprises of literature. The skill of it challenges admiration. The hero lives and moves, but is nameless. His career of paradoxes, with its alternations of shame and honor, grief and joy, is depicted to its very close, where the so-called malefactor has a king's grave; but his name is not once announced.

Anothing striking characteristic of the poem is, that it is written in praise of an idea superlatively repugnant to the Oriental mind. The East can never divorce suffering from shame. To it affliction is always penal. Woe is disgraceful. It seems absurd to suggest any possible advantage as accruing to it. Yet the first stanza flatly controverts this current sentiment, and affirms the honor and usefulness of suffering.

The portraiture of the Sufferer follows. It is done with minute and persistent fidelity. One dark stroke after another is laid on. The visage is so marred that it is fairly dehumanized. He is no tall and stately palm, but a thin and frail plant; or worse, a root lying on the parched earth. No form! no comliness! No regal state or retinue which would command respect. Man of Sorrows; not casually acquainted, but on intimate terms with suffering. He is the personification of grief. Sorrows and afflictions are concreted in him. Under pretense of legal form he is cut off without natural descendant and in prime of life. They attempted to make a grave for him with executed criminals.

Literature does not contain another such likeness of the Sufferer. But the delineation of the human attitude toward the Sufferer is equally faithful. Is it to be wondered that a character which so contravened all current notions of greatness, and even goodness, should have been despised and rejected; that the face should be averted from such an one—and that the concensus should be that he was smitten of God for a cause.

At this point the prophet enters a strong disclaimer to the current and habitual judgment of the East, 'This Sufferer was not stricken for his own sins.' An idea, bran-new in Oriental thought, is now evolved; namely, the vicarious nature of suffering. 'No, he was pierced for our transgressions. He was crushed to death for our iniquities. We get our peace with God by his chastening, and our wounds are healed by his scourging.' He was ill-treated and scoffed while he bowed himself in voluntary pain. He came to suffer, and so will remain dumb before his unjust judges and foresworn accusers.

The triumph of suffering is the last touch upon this marvellous picture. All the thinking of the East is to be turned back in its course. Suffering is not defeat, but the contrary. It is the way to glory. He who treads it shall divide a portion with the great. Weakness shall divide the spoil with the strong.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Suffering is the crux of life. Whence came it? What is its utility? When and how will it end? The problem seems peculiarly unsolvable to the Oriental mind.

The life of the Supreme Sufferer gave the lie to current philosophy, which affirmed the disgrace and inutility of suffering.

Though faith is so laggard that the prophet must needs cry: 'Who, if any one, has believed our report?' 'Who sees the arm of God in it?' Yet suffering is both useful and honorable.

The prophet diagnoses the case. It is the most superb psychological analysis in literature. First he pictures the bewilderment of the people at the servant's suffering. He gives their hasty conclusion; namely, that it is all contemptible. Passing into the equity of the case, they reason that the Sufferer is bearing a penalty. But on further examination its vicarious quality and its redemptive effect is discovered. And this conclusion is reached by a subjective process, not by a categorical Divine declaration. The human conscience is touched by what it sees, and makes penitent announcement.

The face of Jesus shines through the veil of the prophet's language, though he does not once mention his name or indicate his rank.

The prophet sits at the very foot of the cross while he paints this fadeless portrait of the Sufferer.

Before Isaiah could have uttered words which contain the very heart of the gospel and win for him the title of Evangelist among the prophets, some unusual experience must have prepared him.

The sixth chapter contains a vivid and sublime description of this preparatory experience.

This vision of God produced the natural effect, a consciousness of sin. The prophet cries: 'Woe is me. I am undone, because of my unclean lips.' The symbolism of touching the lips with fire is explained in the announcement, 'Thine iniquity is taken away.'

One act remains. The ineffable voice is heard, calling not now for an angelic messenger, but for a human evangel, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for me?' The prophet, elevated by what he has witnessed, and prepared by that to which he has submitted, exclaims, 'Here am I! Send me!'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 16.—Topic—The message of the flowers. Matt. vi., 28-34; Jas. i: 9-11.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A GOOD MAN'S LIFE.

Monday, July 10.—A goodly child. Ex. ii.,2.

Tuesday, July 11.—A learned man. Acts vii., 20-22.

Wednesday, July 12.—A defender of his brethren. Acts vii., 23-25.

Thursday, July 13.—One who gave up worldly honor. Heb. xi., 24-26.

Friday, July 14.—One who saw God by faith. Heb. xi., 27.

Saturday, July 15.—A good old age. Deut. xxxi., 2.

Sunday, July 16.—Topic—The end of a good man's life. Deut. xxxiv., 1-12.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

Little Lamps to Light the Teacher.

Illustrations are born, not made.

There is an important difference between simpleness and simplicity.

Have a method, and let it be this: Know whither you are going, and go there.

The point in teaching is to make a point. Leave glittering generalities to the orators.

What shall it profit a teacher to gain a reputation and lose the child's soul?

There is more skill in earnestness than in half the methods.

What to do with the hard questions is itself a hard question. But build them somehow into the wall.

When the teacher can turn listlessness into listeningness, the major part of the art is mastered.

There are some things that are to be done sometimes, but there is one thing that is to be done always—pray, pray, pray!

A rainy day is as hard on the spirits of the scholars as on the spirits of the teacher.

Do the first thing well in opening the class. —Edgar W. Work, D.D., Berkeley, Cal.

How One Teacher Holds Her Class.

She is not sensational, offers no premiums, uses no cunning devices, and yet there they are, Sunday after Sunday, twelve or fourteen pleasant maidens, ready to greet their teacher with a smile. She has had the class for about five years, took them when they were mere girls, and now they are almost young ladies. If I may judge, she will hold the girls as long as she cares to teach.

Miss Fannie is quite a young woman, a graduate of our high school, and in society somewhat reserved and unassuming.

How does she manage? Well, let me think. I hardly know. It is not any one thing. Rather Wordsworth's

'Little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.'

For instance, when the girls were yet in the doll period, she would invite them to her home, and a whole afternoon would be spent in making dolls and in contriving doll-houses, closing with a good supper, including ice-cream and other dainties to tickle the childish palate.

Miss Fannie never forgets her girls. They are in her mind, and she is always devising something they will enjoy. Sometimes she gives cards, sometimes she sends letters. Last summer she took a trip east, and, while at Niagara, bought for each of her girls a pretty little picture of the falls. It is a souvenir the young ladies will prize as long as they live.

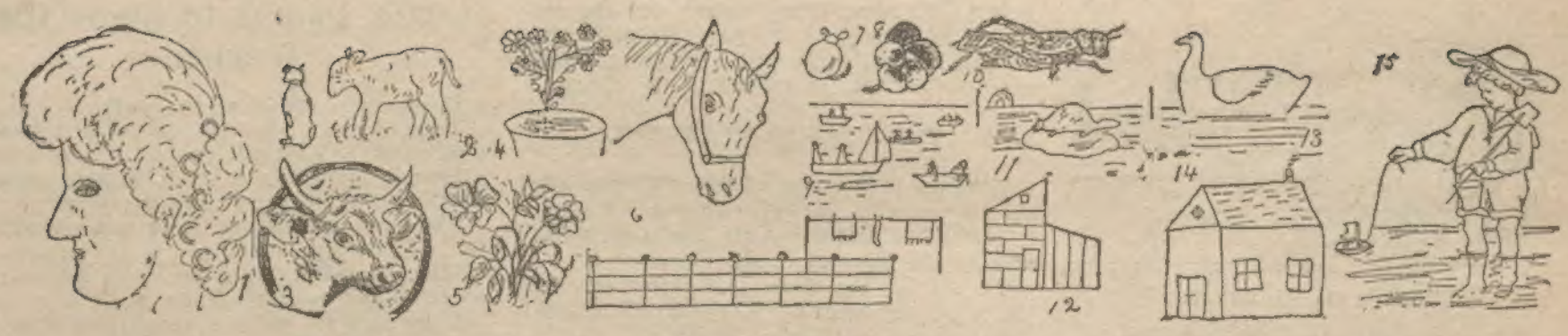
Recently she invited them to a regular tea party. The hour was five, an elegant spread at six, and then games and a frolic till ten. I called at the house in the evening, and, in an adjoining room, with a friend, was a witness to their innocent delight.

As the old saying is, to have friends you must show yourself friendly, and I suppose the mistake of the average teacher is in not showing sufficient attention to the boys and girls during the week. We think our duty ends with Sunday's lesson. Home, ours or theirs, is a large factor in the problem.—Selected.

Don'ts For Teachers.

(The Rev. A. Y. Haist, in the 'Evangelical S.S. Teacher.')

'Don't be absent.'—If there is one obligation upon a teacher above every other qualification, when once he has been engaged to teach, it is that he does not miss his class. He may have the finest talent, be possessed of the choicest knowledge on the lesson and have the most thorough preparation, these all will be of no use to the class if he is absent. Don't be absent, unless you utterly must, and then always provide a substitute.

'Don't come late.'—'Better late than never,' you say? Better never late. The late-coming teacher will miss many precious moments of training and of disciplining his scholars before the school opens. A large percentage of the ill-behaviour of a class is born before the class work begins in the absence of the teacher who comes late. Please don't come late.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Lady's Face' (profile). Myra H. (15), C., Ont.

2. 'Dog and Calf.' Mamie McKenzie (address not given).

3. Cow's Head.' Judson B. Rose (13), U., N.S.

4. 'Potted Flower.' William Markle Pecover (10), M., Ont.

5. 'Wild Roses.' Louelle Lane (12), B., Que.

6. 'My Beauty.' Edythe P. E. B. (13), R. V., B.C.

7. 'Togs' (a cat). Helen R. Anderson (9), B., Ont.

8. 'Pansy.' Mona Johnson, H. R., South Zorra.

9 'Fishing at the mouth of the Fraser River, B.C. Edna Lockhart, M., N.B.

10. 'Grasshopper.' Beatrice Gerrow (14), U., Ont.

11. 'Beaver.' Carrie V. Pearson (11), D., Ont.

12. 'House, Fence and Clothes' Line.' Raymond McComb (address not given).

13. 'Goose.' Dorothy Hill (10), J., Ont.

14. 'House.' Tomy M. Gowdey, F., Que.

15. 'At the Seaside.' Nellie Barker, H., Ont.

Correspondence

Urbania, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have not written to the 'Messenger' before. I live on a farm, and go to school nearly every day. I belong to the Presbyterian Church. We live nearly two miles from the church. I have seven brothers and one sister. We have a separator. My mother took first prize for butter at the Halifax Exhibition in 1904. It scored ninety-seven and a half. We all like our teacher very much. I study the Royal Reader No. V., history of Canada, geography, English grammar and health reader. I like to read the 'Messenger,' and I think everyone that takes it likes to read it. We have Sunday-school in the summer, and close it in the winter.

JUDSON B. R.

N. B., Iowa.

Dear Editor,—As I am sending a picture, I will write a letter, too. The spring has come again, and with it the birds and flowers. The daisies and violets are all in bloom. I wonder why there are so few letters from the United States? We live about half a mile from the Santa Fé Railway. A new track is being built now, a double track. Our teacher took us down to watch the men at work. There are high banks of earth on each side of the track. They have to shovel these banks away before they can build the track. They use a large shovel moved by machinery. It is very interesting to watch them. As soon as they have filled the cars they take them farther down the track and dump the earth out. Another train of cars takes its place. We rode on the engine when they went to empty the cars. We all had a very good time. I will now explain my picture. This boy's name is Robert. He is a very idle boy. He lets all his opportunities slip by unnoticed. If he would attend to his work, he might have knowledge, honor and money. I think the story, 'Ben Joyce's Hymn,' in one of the 'Messengers,' was very good. Every time I get the 'Messenger' I look at the Correspondence Page first to see if there are any letters or pictures from Iowa.

ETHEL HAMILTON.

(Ethel's brother has also sent a picture.—Cor. Ed.)

Cross Roads, Country Harbor, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I noticed your questions in the 'Messenger' asking if anybody had ever seen a white colt. My papa owns a white mare, and she has a little white colt, so I thought I would write and tell you about it. The colt is very pretty, and it stays in a box stall with its mother nearly all the time. The first time it saw the snow it did not know what to do with itself. We are very proud of the colt, as it is a very rare thing to see a white colt. It is the first one we ever heard of. Its mother won the race here last winter. Her name is Nellie, and we call the colt Ada G. We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-School, and like it very much. I have four sisters and two brothers. My elder brother is in Winnipeg. He went last summer, and is going to stay all the winter.

BESSIE L. S.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My birthday is on Dec. 14. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I like the Correspondence Page best of all. For pets we have a dog, a cat, some rats and a horse, and nothing more. I am sending you a picture of our cat sitting down. Her name is Togs. I hope to see it in print. Your loving friend.

HELEN R. ANDERSON (age 9).

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm which a river runs through, called the Medway. I have never written before, and I hope that I will see this house in the paper. I go to school a mile away every day. I have a brother, and he is fourteen years of age. We go three miles to church on Sunday. I go to Sunday-school (a mile away). I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year. We sometimes go and fish, but we have not gone yet this year. We have three horses, and their names are Frank, Babe and Nell. It is nice out in the country. For pets I have a cat, whose name is Alice.

RAYMOND McCOMB (age 8).

J., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am sending the picture of a goose. I am also sending ten cents for Dr. Grenfell's mission. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very much. We have a pup, and we call him Togo. I go to school, and I am in the second class.

DOROTHY HILL (age 10).

M., N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My father has three horses and eighteen cows. He lumbers in the winter and farms in the summer. I have five sisters and four brothers. We have a cat and a dog. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like the reading very much. I go to Sunday-school. There are about sixteen in our class in the summer. There are five classes.

EDNA LOCKHART (age 13).

U., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. I am in the senior fourth class, and I intend to try the entrance examination in the summer. The school and church are about a mile from where I live. We are four and a half miles from the town. I have three sisters and two brothers. My sister and myself take music lessons. We have for pets three cats and one dog. He went to school with us all last summer. He would go with us in the morning and come home with us at night.

BEATRICE GERROW.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old. I live in a little village called McC. It is situated right in the bush, and has about one hundred inhabitants or more. There is no school right in town, but the nearest one is about two miles and a half south, and I walk there every morning. I liked Charles H. D.'s letter very much, because it was so long and interesting. I have read several books. The books I liked the best are: 'The Wizard of Oz,' 'The Coral Island,' 'Dog Crusoe,' and 'Man of the House.' R. M. Ballantyne is my favorite author. My father is the Presbyterian missionary here. We are holding service in our house just at present, but we expect to build a small church this summer. I think I had better close now, as my letter is getting pretty long.

WILLIAM MARKLE PECOVER.

F., Que.

Dear Editor,—We thought we would write a letter to the 'Messenger' telling you how we are getting on. We had no school all the winter, but we had in spring. There are eleven scholars at school, and the name of the school that we go to is Stewart's School No. 1. Tommy's complexion is very beautiful; he has fair hair, blue eyes, and everything that is needed to make him look beautiful. I have fair hair, blue eyes, and Scotch cheeks. This is Tommy's first letter and my second letter to the 'Messenger,' and we hope to see it in print, as well as the drawings which we enclose. My last letter was printed, and we were very pleased to see it. For pets we have each a dog, and Tommy has two cats and two young kittens, and I am going to get a young kitten. Tommy has one brother, and I have one brother and one sister. Tommy lives on a farm, and I live in a cottage, named Agnesdale Cottage, called after my sister. Tommy studies reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, Canadian history, Bible, drawing and hygiene. I study Latin, bookkeeping, reading, writing, spelling, drawing, Bible, sacred history, Canadian history, grammar, etc. We will now come to a close, but will write a longer letter next time.

ALEX. D. CAMPBELL.
TOMMY M. GOWDEY.

Dear Editor,—I am sending a little picture to put in the 'Messenger,' and I hope I will see it printed as soon as you get it.

MAMIE McKENZIE.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

OUR LABRADOR COT FUND.

Interested Reader of His Mission Work, $2; Knox Presbyterian S.S., Flodden, $1.28; G. D. Kirkpatrick, $1; Ernest W., 75c; W. S. Johnston, 50c; A 'Messenger' Reader, 50c; K. MacDougall, 40c; Dorothy G. Hill, 10c; total, $6.53.

[In last week's list, the sum of $1.50 from Cleveland, C.B., should have been credited, 'Cleveland S.S., per D. McKillop.'—Cor. Ed.]

N.B.—If you send under fifty cents for the cot in Dr. Grenfell's hospital, send it in two-cent stamps; if more than fifty cents, send a post-office order, money order or registered letter.—Ed.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Burning of Daleside Mill.

(Concluded.)

In a few minutes Mr. Bristowe stood by the bedside of his old and faithful overlooker, in the little upper room of Peter's cottage. Nay, it was Mr. Bristowe's cottage. Nearly all of the cottages in the dale belonged to him, but he had rarely been inside one of them. The room was very small, scarcely more than a box. Mr. Bristowe could hardly believe it.

The face of the old man, scarred and drawn by the fire, until his master hardly recognized it, lay on the pillow. They were alone in the room. The light from a small oil lamp, which hung against the wall, served, in Mr. Bristowe's eyes, to suffuse the place with a weird and unpleasant dimness. A shudder passed over him as be glanced round the little room.

'Coom near, Mestur Bristowe; aw want t' speeak,' said the old man, in a thin voice.

'What is it, Peter?' Mr. Bristowe felt a little alarmed. What could the old man have to say to him?

'Mestur, aw wanted fer t' speak t' yo' abeawt th' mill. It wur fired, Mestur.'

'I fear so. Have you heard anything?' Mr. Bristowe asked nervously.

'It's only me as knows. Th' people said as they'd fin' out, an' that if they did they'd 'ang whoever it wur. But they'n noan fin' out 'less yo' tell 'em, cos no one only me knows. Aw seed it done, Mestur.'

'You—saw it done!' Mr. Bristowe could hardly control himself.

'Aw Mestur, aw did.'

'Who—who—who did it? Tell me.'

'Mestur—'Arry.'

'Harry! My own son! Impossible.'

'Nay, Mestur, it's true. Aw seed 'im do it.'

'How? When? Why don't you speak. Tell me.'

'Well, Mestur, yo' know at 'Arry 'ad been t' market th' mornin' as th' mill wur burnt, an' when 'e com back 'e'd adden drink. 'E'd drink on 'im, an' did no' know what 'er wur doin'.'

'Harry! Drunk! Monstrous!'

'It's true, Mestur; aw seed 'im. 'E went all through th' stock-room an' struck two matches t' light a cigar wi', an' aw seed 'im throw 'em both down, alight. Aw followed 'im, but th' stuff had catched, an' th' blaze run up, an' th' place were afire afore yo' knowd. It wur 'im as did it, an' nobry else. Aw seed it a', Mestur.'

When Mr. Bristowe entered the room in which his wife sat watching for him at Thornby Hall, he was deathly pale, and so haggard looking that she hardly kenw him. He seemed to have aged twenty years since he left her.

'Clay—ton!' she exclaimed, horror stricken.

'Oh, Alice! we are ruined, punished, cruelly punished. It's all my fault,' he said, as he threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

'What is it, Clayton? What do you mean?'

'It was Harry who fired the mill. He came home from the market drunk, and threw lighted matches among the stock. Our own boy has ruined us.'

For a time Clayton Bristowe was inconsolable. The terrible truth had come home to him that his boy, whom he loved so fondly, was a drunkard, and that in a moment of drunken aberration he had caused the fire at the mill. The discovery was the more bitter, as Mr. Bristowe had been warned that Harry was showing a dangerous liking for whiskey, but he had regarded his son as superior to a weakness of that kind. He himself loved a glass of old port, and would as soon have thought of going without his dinner as of going to bed without the glass of hot whiskey and water which he sipped with such keen relish every night.

It was at home, at his father's table, that Harry Bristowe had acquired a liking for alcoholic liquors. Now, for the first time, it dawned upon Clayton Bristowe that all of this had been fatally wrong. It had led his boy wrong. The burnt-out mill, the maimed mill-hands, and the distressed and workless town were the terrible evidences of this.

Gradually it leaked out that Harry Bristowe had caused the disaster, and a darker cloud than ever seemed to settle over the little town. Men went about with knit brows and set lips, with desperation writ on their very features. They knew who had fired the mill, and they remembered their oath. If they kept their oath the criminal would die, and he was their master's son. Yet they had taken that oath, solemnly. What were they to do?

Mr. Bristowe was seated at a table in his writing room at Thornby Hall. The table was spread with plans of the old mill and plans for a new mill which had only reached him that day. He had been poring over them for upwards of an hour, comparing the new plans with the old ones, and criticising points of improvement which had been introduced into the new ones.

A maid announced that four of the old workers from the mill wanted to see their master. Mr. Bristowe asked that they should be shown in.

The four men entered the room with awkward gait and timid air. They had never before been in the hall, and to enter it for the first time on such a mission as that which had brought them was enough to unnerve them utterly, plain millworkers as they were.

'What may be the object of your visit?' Mr. Bristowe asked, after he had motioned to the men to be seated.

Thomas Deakin, the oldest member of the party, spoke.

'Mestur Bristowe,' he said, gravely, 'when the mill were burned we knowd as it weren't no accident, but as someone 'ad done it careless or milicious, an' we all tuk a solemn oath 'at when we catched 'im as 'ad done it we'd 'ang 'im. We known a' abeawt it neaw. It wur Mestur 'Arry as did it when 'e wur i' drink. We respects yo' gretly, an' ud like to 'elp yo' i' this trouble, but ef we're t' kep our oath we'n got t' 'ang 'Arry, but we'n no cause fer to' do thet neither. We'n only got t' say a word to th' p'leece abeawt 'im firin' th' mill, t' ev 'im transported, but that ud only be makin' fresh trouble fer yo', an' God known you'n ed enough trouble wi' 'im, twixt 'is drinkin' an' 'is burnin' th' mill.'

Mr. Bristowe knit his brow. 'Well, what do you want to say?' he asked, impatiently.

'Jus' this, Mestur. Ef we agree t' hush th' thing up, an' don't breathe a word abeawt it t' no living soul, will Mestur 'Arry tek a solemn oath 'fore God to swear off drink; not t' touch another sup of it? It's th' best thing we can say to 'elp 'im an' you.'

'That is not a bad suggestion, certainly. I will try to get Harry to do as you wish,' said Mr. Bristowe, reflecting.

'That's good, Mestur. Get 'im t' do it. We don't want t' make no trouble fer yo', but an oath's an oath, Mestur. We'n sworn what we'd do when we got 'im as fired th' mill. Th' chaps is very sore about it.'

'I will do what I can to get Harry to give up drink. He ought to do it,' Mr. Bristowe said, shaking his head.

'Thank'ee, Mestur. Yo' onderstand, we only wishes yo' well, but we'n in an awkward fix, Mestur; an oath's an oath.'

'Yes, yes; I understand. That must not be. Good night!'

The men slowly left the room, closing the door behind them.

Mr. Bristowe turned to the table again, but not to study the plans. His mind was on what the men had told him. Placing his elbows on the table, he rested his head in his hands and thought.

He appealed to his son, and with good effect. Horrified by the thought of the havoc and suffering caused by his drunken act, Harry Bristowe made a solemn declaration in writing, which was witnessed by Thomas Deakin and Joe Forshaw, on behalf of the other workers, that, God helping him, he would never again touch a drop of alcoholic liquor as a beverage. As an encouragement to his son, Mr. Bristowe signed a similar declaration, which was witnessed by the same two witnesses. To him it was an act of great self-denial to give up his glass of port at dinner, and his glass of hot whiskey at bed time, but for his son's sake he made the sacrifice.

Daleside Mill was rebuilt. Harry was now changed. He kept his written promise, and became a partner in the business. He is now prosperous, and a respected public man. The mill-hands have been very loyal to their old master and his son. The part which Harry played in the burning of the mill has been kept a secret. It is rarely mentioned, even round the cottage fires of Daleside.

Drunkards' Children.

Every medical man, every legislator, every father, every mother, every voter, every one who has any regard for the welfare of humanity, ought to read and ponder the following startling statement, which has now been before the public unchallenged for some time. We take it as it appears in the Kane 'Leader':

'Prof. Demms, of Stuttgart, has recently published the results of ten years' careful observation made on ten drinking families, in contrast with ten temperance families of the same social and financial standing.

'The drinking families had fifty-seven children, twenty-five of whom died before they were six weeks old. Among the rest were six idiots, five very much stunted in growth, five suffering from epilepsy. Only ten of the children showed normal physical and mental development.

'The ten temperance families had sixty-one children, of whom five died before reaching the age of six weeks, four suffered from nervousness in their youth, and two seemed to be victims of hereditary nervous diseases. The other fifty—that is, eighty-one percent of the lot—showed normal, mental and physical development.

'One out of five of the drunkards' children showed normal development; four out of five of the abstainers' children showed normal development. An awful heritage of epilepsy and lunacy is the lot of the progeny of drunkards.'

Why He did not Drink.

'I read the other day of four young men riding in a Pullman car chatting merrily together. At last one of them said:

'"Boys, I think it's time for drinks." Two of them consented; the other shook his head and said:

'"No, I thank you."

'"What!" exclaimed his companion, "have you become pious? Are you going to preach? Do you really think you will become a missionary?"

'"No, fellows," he replied, "I am not specially pious, and I may not become a missionary; but I have determined not to drink another drop, and I will tell you why; I had some business in Chicago with an old pawn broker, and as I stood before his counter talking about it, there came in a young man about my age, and threw down upon the counter a little bundle. When the pawnbroker opened it he found it was a pair of baby shoes, with the buttons a trifle worn. The old pawnbroker seemed to have some heart left in him, and he said:

'"'Look here, you ought not to sell your baby's shoes for drink.'

'"'Never mind, Cohen; baby is at home dead, and does not need the shoes. Give me ten cents for a drink.'

'"Now, fellows, I have a wife and baby at home myself, and when I saw what liquor could do in degrading that husband and father, I made up my mind that, God helping me, not a drop of that stuff would ever pass my lips again."'—'Herald and Presbyter.'

Recruiting Tactics.

A lady, passing a public-house, observed a girl of about eight years drinking from a jug of beer. The lady inquired of the child whether she did not know that it was wrong to drink her mother's beer. 'Oh,' came the reply, 'but Mr. —— (the publican) told me he had put some in for me, and that mother would still have her full pint left.' He gave me these sweets, too, and I'm to have them when ever I go in, and Mrs. —— has promised to let me fetch her beer, too.' The lady called and remonstrated with the woman named, and succeeded in obtaining a promise that the girl should not be sent on the erarnd again. A couple of days later the same woman accosted the lady in the street, and informed her that the promise had been kept, but that the child had 'gone on dreadful' when told she would not be allowed to fetch the beer any more.—Exchange.

HOUSEHOLD.

'Dem Waves Will Roll Away.'

Oh, de chillen stood down by de sho'—
  Dat's what the Good Book say—
Dey cried, we can't go on no mo';
  But the waves done roll away.
Travellin' and singin',
  Travellin' day by day:
    Dem chillen weep
    'Case he water's deep,
  But de waves done roll away.

De trouble come a-pilin' high;
  An' de sky is cold an' gray,
But I's holdin' on, 'case by and by
  Dem waves will roll away.
Travellin' and singin',
  Travellin' day by day:
    Trouble's strong,
    But it won't be long
  Till the waves done roll away.
—Washington 'Star.'

Sweet Tempered Women.

'A woman who is truly amiable, meek, and sweet-tempered, rarely has any cause for resentment,' says a well-known doctor. 'If she is a strong woman with her amiability, both men and women have so much respect for her that they would do her no wrong. The woman who governs her temper is the woman who wins in this life. As a rule, she makes the best match. She is certainly the most successful woman in business and society, and where is the person who will deny that she is the best wife, mother, and friend?' Experience teaches one that the average woman with a naturally irritable temper cultivates it, encourages it, fosters it. This is as true of those in high life as it is of the women in low life. Indeed, very rich and idle women generally luxuriate in their tempers. Perhaps they wouldn't if they knew that anger curdles the blood, hinders circulations, and consequently makes the complexion bad and dulls the eyes. It also weakens a woman's wits, making her less attractive physically and mentally. Bad temper does not destroy the mind, but it renders one unable to work mentally.—'Glad Tidings.'

Hints on Conversation.

Avoid an apologetic mood; it is always weakening to character.

Never let your eye wander over the room while your friend is talking to you.

Study the person with whom you are conversing, and lead up to subjects with which he is familiar.

Never talk about yourself, and if you see the conversation drifting that way get it out of a personal rut at once.

The secret of successful conversation is contained in the faculty of being able to make the other person talk.

Remember that conversation is an art. It takes time, thought and experience to develop the faculty of conversing properly.

Do not let conversation drift into any subject. Begin the attack with something definite, and force your partner to show his own powers.

If you find yourself doing all the talking, you may depend upon it the other person is managing you. If you make the other person talk, you are master of the situation.

Do not talk about the weather, or your illnesses, or the maladies of your friends; society is a place for the interchange of only bright and pleasant thoughts—leaves the 'grinds' at home.

It is not at all necessary that you should do all the talking. Do not fly at your partner and drown him out with words. Show an interest in what he is saying, and then he will continue to hold the field.

The secret of a good conversationalist is always to be a rapt and attentive listener. No matter what foolishness your partner is talking always listen, for it is the good listener who captivates and conquers.

Conversation, in its final essence, consists of the element of charm. What charm is, it is extremely hard to define. But if we bend our minds to the task of being charming, we shall most probably succeed in the end.

If you find that your partner is making for a disagreeable subject, and you wish to head him off, bring your will to bear upon his, and project into his brain some other topic, or lead the way by a series of forcible suggestions to another train of thought.

Society demands of those who enter it that they shall bring something positive and definite to the social gathering. Try to carry some special cargo into the port. Do not always sail into conversation with nothing in the hold of your ship, or with only ballast there.

Do not become monosyllabic in your talk and say 'yes' or 'no.' This stops the spirit of conversation, and represses expression. The interrogation mark and not the exclamation mark is the instrument by which the ore-bed of conversation is most successfully worked.

It is surprising how little effort is required to carry on a successful conversation when the other party is willing to do the talking. Balzac says in his story of Eugenie Grandet, that he carried on his great business activities by the judicious use of the four following expressions: 'Indeed!'; 'Perhaps so'; 'I cannot tell'; 'We will see.'—'The Delineator.'

Selected Recipes.

Soft Gingerbread.—The ingredients for soft gingerbread are three cups of flour, half a cup of milk, half cup of butter or lard, one and a half cups of New Orleans molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, two eggs, one tablespoonful of ginger. Beat the yolks of the eggs and the lard together. Then add the milk, soda and molasses. Add the ginger and flour. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add them carefully. Bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Stewed Lamb Chops.—Take one pound of lamb chops, one ounce of butter, half-pint of water, dessertspoonful of flour, mint, gravy coloring, pepper and salt to taste. Melt butter in the saucepan, and fry the chops in it until they are nicely browned; add the water, pepper, and salt, and a few sprays of mint. Let them simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Blend the flour in a little water, and add the gravy coloring; then let it boil slowly for five minutes. Place the chops on a dish, and pour the gravy over them. Garnish with green peas when in season.

Cold Caramel Pudding.—Put two ounces of loaf sugar into a small saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Boil quickly without a lid on the pan and do not stir. When the syrup becomes a nice brownish color pour it quickly round the inside of a plain dry mould. This will at once harden. Pour half a pint of milk on to two beaten eggs and flavor with vanilla. Put this custard into the coated tin, cover with greased paper and steam very gently till the custard is firm to touch. Turn out when cold, and the melted sugar will form a nice sauce.—Washington 'Star.'

An inexpensive meat dish.—Just now, when meat is high, housewives may welcome this dish which can be made quite inexpensively. Take round steak, which, though tough is nutritious, or any other part which is too tough to be palatable, and run it through a meat chopper. Season, and pat it out into a flat cake in the centre of a baking pan. Pare potatoes and slice lengthwise about an inch thick. Put these in the pan over and about the meat. Season with salt and pepper and bake in a quick oven, turning the potatoes when half done so as to have them brown on both sides. It takes about half an hour, more or less, according to the thickness of your meat cake.—Exchange.

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